



SHE WEARS MALE ATTIRE.

Jane Diculafay Has Cast Off Forever "the Tyranny of Skirts."

Miss Jane Diculafay, who is the French prototype of our own Dr. Mary Walker, has gained a great deal of notoriety in a very simple manner.

She has not written a great book, or made an eloquent speech, or painted a remarkable picture, or made a scientific discovery, but she has created her own farce by simply becoming as masculine as possible in appearance. She wears short hair, a piccadilly collar, an ascot tie and a coat and vest and trousers just like a man, and has thrown off forever, she says, "the tyranny of skirts." Her son fairly pants for trousers, and now that she is wearing them he is perfectly happy. "They make possible one life where now are two lives," she says, and she proves her statement by sharing the pursuits of her husband.

She has no use for divided skirts and other compromises, she says, because they are unusual and cause a woman to be annoyed by street gamins. "As for myself, attired as I am in regulation everyday male costume, I go anywhere without attracting attention." She would hardly meet such a fate in America. Dr. Mary Walker is frequently given unmercifully when she ventures forth in male attire. A short time ago a child cycles in knickerbockers while crossing City Hall park, New York, found a mob of street urchins at her heels before she had gone a rod. Still more recently a woman dressed in men's clothes attended the Corbett-Mitchell prize fight. She was noticed about the same as the men present, but she had not been seated five minutes before every man in the big arena had discovered the counterfeiter, and their comments made the woman wish that she were back in conventional petticoats again.

An Enthusiastic Sportswoman.

Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie of Pittsburg, for whom the yacht Dungeness is now being built at Baltimore, is an enthusiastic in all outdoor sports. She has a magnificent winter home also named Dungeness, on Cumberland Island, the southernmost of the Sea Islands, off the coast of Georgia. Here she keeps a fleet of boats. There is also one of the finest game preserves in the country on the island.—New York Telegram.

Smart Dancing Children.

The latest thing at 6 o'clock teat is to have the children of the house brought in to dance a skirt dance for the guests. In London it is no uncommon thing to see at the daily tea-teat a 5-year-old child in an accordion plaited skirt-dance. When it is question if such a practice is good for the children, fashionable matinées argue that it is—it gives them grace and self-possession.—St. James Gazette.

New Orleans' Librarian.

Mrs. Culbertson has been librarian of the New Orleans city library for 18 years. She is an accomplished scholar and has many times been of invaluable assistance by translating volumes from the French. During all the changes in the city administration during 18 years there has never been suggested the making of a change in the city librarian.—New Orleans Letter.

Gaudia's Dresses.

The novelist Gaudia is decidedly plain looking, about 50 years old and "over-dresses shockingly." She drives on the fashionable thoroughfares in Florence every bright day, a gay picture against the turquoise blue satin of her smart brougham, in an orange colored bariste, much trimmed with lace, and a black guipure mantilla.—London Sun.

Talks as Well as Writes.

Miss Katherine Pearson Woods of Baltimore, the author of "Mozzoroff, Shoemaker," is a resident for the winter at Denison House, the college settlement for women on Tyler street, Boston. She has addressed several organizations on "Modern Social Movements," of which she has long been a close student.—Boston Traveller.

Helen Gould's Latest Charity.

Miss Helen Gould has purchased what is known as the "Liberty Preston" house and lot in Roxbury, Delaware county, N. Y., adjoining the Gould Memorial church. It is said that Miss Gould will make the house as a home for poor and friendless children of New York city.—New York Herald.

A Clever Plan.

A clever business at a recent dinner did away with the strolling about to hunt up name cards on reaching the dining room by providing each man with a card, on which was a little plan of the table and two crosses against the covers laid for him and the lady he took out.—New York Commercial.

She Plays Skittles.

The ex-queen of Hanover is passionately fond of the game of skittles and plays every day during her stay at Munich, where the Duke of Cumberland had a suitable ground laid for her use in the park. The ladies in waiting are her majesty's partners in the game.—London Sun.

Mary Anderson Navarro.

Word comes from Nice that Mary Anderson Navarro, who is staying there, lives very quietly, neither receiving nor paying visits. The cause assigned is very delicate health, a condition, in fact, bordering on the drowsy and obstinate one of nervous prostration.—Exchange.

The palace hotels of New York are employing maids to wait upon guests at a cost of 50 cents per hour. The maids must be able to do hairdressing and to array a lady for a ball.

Mrs. Nancy Gilman of New Hampshire, who is in her ninetieth year, procured over 100 signatures to a woman's suffrage petition to be presented to the legislature.

At Halifax a bill was introduced in the provincial legislature last night to confining the franchise on women. It is a modification of the bill introduced last session.

Quincy, Ills., has a woman's council made up of 14 organizations and has a woman, Mrs. Helen Bristol, on the board of education for the first time.

The Ohio Trade and Labor assembly, in annual session in Columbus, recently resolved in favor of woman suffrage.



JANE DUCULAFAY. In a piccadilly collar, an ascot tie and a coat and vest and trousers just like a man, and has thrown off forever, she says, "the tyranny of skirts." Her son fairly pants for trousers, and now that she is wearing them he is perfectly happy. "They make possible one life where now are two lives," she says, and she proves her statement by sharing the pursuits of her husband.

She has no use for divided skirts and other compromises, she says, because they are unusual and cause a woman to be annoyed by street gamins. "As for myself, attired as I am in regulation everyday male costume, I go anywhere without attracting attention." She would hardly meet such a fate in America. Dr. Mary Walker is frequently given unmercifully when she ventures forth in male attire.

A short time ago a child cycles in knickerbockers while crossing City Hall park, New York, found a mob of street urchins at her heels before she had gone a rod. Still more recently a woman dressed in men's clothes attended the Corbett-Mitchell prize fight. She was noticed about the same as the men present, but she had not been seated five minutes before every man in the big arena had discovered the counterfeiter, and their comments made the woman wish that she were back in conventional petticoats again.

Mme. Diculafay has been seduced to the trousers habit for nearly a quarter of a century. Away back in 1879 she donned knickerbockers and followed her husband to the war. Their son accompanied her husband in an exploring expedition to Persia and went whenever he went. She always wore her male costume on the street in Paris and in society.

Her Great Desire.

A lady who had reached the time of life when she began to resent every birthday as a personal affront was attending a sewing circle at the parsonage on May when the cry went up that there was a snake in the room. Every lady in the room except one fled screaming. She remained in her chair as pale as death.

Hearing the uproar, the pastor, who was in his study, came in to see what was the matter.

"It's a man-in-suit," the pale lady gasped.

"Indeed! And why don't you run with the rest? Aren't you afraid of mice?"

"I'm mortally afraid of them!"

"Then why, please, did you stay in the room?"

"I was in hopes," the lady faltered, "that I might be saved out of a year's growth."

—Youth's Companion.

Maxima's Changing Love.

Small Simeon can't believe mamma loves you any more.

"Oh, I know she does."

"If she loved you, she wouldn't want to make you unhappy, would she?"

"Of course not."

"Well, she still is going to tell you to whip me, and you know it's always useless you unhappy to have to whip me!"—Good News.

Tooe Chear For Me.

Mrs. Newgold—Have you any of Saeley's poems?

Clerk—We have a very fine edition of "Promethes Unbound."

Mrs. Newgold—But I want it bound and as expensive as possible—Truth.

A Proper Effort.

Adèle—Would you marry a man simply because he's rich?

Mabelo—No, but I would try very hard to love him.—Atlanta Journal.

Very, Very Happy.

Wife—The baby seems to be very happy today.

Husband—Why shouldn't he? He kept me awake all night.—Life.

A Close Call.

They sat with the old man in silence.

And then he looked down into her trusting face and said,

"That boy is really green."

"Lady so glad you like it, dear."

Replied the little maid,

"It is a simple dress, and yet—"

With my own hands it was made."

"And do you always make your gowns?"

He said, with more than grew Quaker about in his older time,

And she replied, "I do."

"Why, just think, how much I save for business, that's a good reason."

By the way, I have a good business."

Business dollars down."

The George went out into the air.

And though it was quite a cold day,

And when he had laid it in his hand,

"What might have been my lot?"

Brooklyn Life.

Break, Break, Break.

A dance at Cedar, La., was interrupted

by the killing of three of the dancers, the fatal wounding of two others, and the dislodging of half a dozen more by pistol and rifle bullets. One girl was killed, and another severely wounded in the face, another was wounded in the middle of the forehead, and another through the right arm. It was all over in a few minutes, but it broke up the dance.

The Thinnest Part of a Soap Bubble.

The thinnest part of a soap bubble is said to be where the black, or rather gray, tint appears just before it breaks. This thickness has been calculated by the laws of optics to be less than one one-hundred and fifty thousandths of an inch. From this minute amount the thickness of the bubble may increase up to a quite perceptible quantity.

Peerless Steam Laundry 112 and 114 West St.



CLOTHES FOR ELDERLY LADIES.

The figure on the right shows a reception gown for an elderly lady. It is of heliotrope brocade and ivory satin, embroidered with black, purple and gold. The wide sash is placed around the powdered neck and sleeves. A full ruff collar is worn on the head. The home dress is of slate gray camel's hair, bordered with black velvet ribbons. The sacque is of black velvet lined with pink silk. The vest front is of gray chintz silk, with a ribbon belt of black velvet. The ravers are faced with gray satin.

ONE BETTER.

Very Good For New York, but Chieng Takes the Palm.

"By the way," said the druggist as he took a cigar out of his case and reached for a match. "This American nation has lost heaps of money by not knowing a good thing when it was crawling around in the *Wests*."

"To what do you refer?" asked the man who had been sharpening his knife on his bootleg.

To this cigar case. Latest fad outside of smoking and contiene beauty and wear. We might have been using that sort of material for the last 300 years, but didn't know a good thing."

"Are you sure it's smoking?"

"Of course. Haven't you been in New York lately?"

"Please on Grand street where they make 'em while you wait. Not only that, but you can pick out your own snake. The day I went in they had about 70 of them in a cage, and I was able to select the one I fancied most."

I made my choice, and he was taken out, his skin slipped off, and in about 20 minutes I had this case. Very convenient, don't you know, and it's surely New York!"

"To what do you refer?" asked the man who had been sharpening his knife on his bootleg.

"To this cigar case. Latest fad outside of smoking and contiene beauty and wear. We might have been using that sort of material for the last 300 years, but didn't know a good thing."

"Are you sure it's smoking?"

"Of course. Haven't you been in New York lately?"

"Please on Grand street where they make 'em while you wait. Not only that, but you can pick out your own snake. The day I went in they had about 70 of them in a cage, and I was able to select the one I fancied most."

I made my choice, and he was taken out, his skin slipped off, and in about 20 minutes I had this case. Very convenient, don't you know, and it's surely New York!"

"To what do you refer?" asked the man who had been sharpening his knife on his bootleg.

"To this cigar case. Latest fad outside of smoking and contiene beauty and wear. We might have been using that sort of material for the last 300 years, but didn't know a good thing."

"Are you sure it's smoking?"

"Of course. Haven't you been in New York lately?"

"Please on Grand street where they make 'em while you wait. Not only that, but you can pick out your own snake. The day I went in they had about 70 of them in a cage, and I was able to select the one I fancied most."

I made my choice, and he was taken out, his skin slipped off, and in about 20 minutes I had this case. Very convenient, don't you know, and it's surely New York!"

"To what do you refer?" asked the man who had been sharpening his knife on his bootleg.

"To this cigar case. Latest fad outside of smoking and contiene beauty and wear. We might have been using that sort of material for the last 300 years, but didn't know a good thing."

"Are you sure it's smoking?"

"Of course. Haven't you been in New York lately?"

"Please on Grand street where they make 'em while you wait. Not only that, but you can pick out your own snake. The day I went in they had about 70 of them in a cage, and I was able to select the one I fancied most."

I made my choice, and he was taken out, his skin slipped off, and in about 20 minutes I had this case. Very convenient, don't you know, and it's surely New York!"

"To what do you refer?" asked the man who had been sharpening his knife on his bootleg.

"To this cigar case. Latest fad outside of smoking and contiene beauty and wear. We might have been using that sort of material for the last 300 years, but didn't know a good thing."

"Are you sure it's smoking?"

"Of course. Haven't you been in New York lately?"

"Please on Grand street where they make 'em while you wait. Not only that, but you can pick out your own snake. The day I went in they had about 70 of them in a cage, and I was able to select the one I fancied most."

I made my choice, and he was taken out, his skin slipped off, and in about 20 minutes I had this case. Very convenient, don't you know, and it's surely New York!"

"To what do you refer?" asked the man who had been sharpening his knife on his bootleg.

"To this cigar case. Latest fad outside of smoking and contiene beauty and wear. We might have been using that sort of material for the last 300 years, but didn't know a good thing."

"Are you sure it's smoking?"

"Of course. Haven't you been in New York lately?"

"Please on Grand street where they make 'em while you wait. Not only that, but you can pick out your own snake